

Oh, Gods

by Wordwielder

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Summary: The gang reads fanfic.

1. Chapter 1

OK, call me crazy, but I have some things that make my blood boil about fanfic. So I wrote this as some amusing venting.

Hiccup gaped at the scrolls. "WHOA. This is all aboutâ€|us?"

The record-keeper nodded. "We've been receiving numerous scrolls each day since the battle of the Green Death. It's calledâ€|fanfiction."

"Excuse me?" Astrid asked. Toothless cocked his head.

"The concept is that you take someone and write a story about them, except they aren't someone you made up."

"Like an epic."

"Yes, just much more inane and poorly written."

'Well, I want to read it now," Hiccup mumbled.

"Some of it is quite good," The record-keeper amended. "But the grammar is mostly atrocious."

"Goody."

"Well, dig in," The record-keeper gestured. Hiccup raised his eyebrows at Astrid, Snoutlout, Fishlegs and the twins. "Well, dig in," he repeated.

"Read?"

"While we're still alive?"

'Yes," Hiccup rolled his eyes.

The twins looked at each other. "Okay, I guessâ€|" They all plopped down and begin to decipher the scrolls.

It didn't take long for the reactions.

Hiccup was first. "OH ODIN ABOVE!" Toothless cocked his head. "You don't want to know, bud. Really," he groaned.

"Well, I do," Astrid said matter-of-factly. "Oh gods! That'sâ€|messed up. On so many levels."

"Now, I want to know," Snoutlout complained. "This is your fault, Hiccup. You're making me want to _learn_."

Hiccup moaned. Toothless looked genuinely concerned, nudging Hiccup's shoulder. Tuffnut peered at the scroll and started to laugh. Ruffnut, reading, glared and punched him. "That's not okay! I mean, what you do even call this? Dragon-rider-cest?" Toothless looked horrified. "Yep, bud," Hiccup said grimly. "This person wrote usâ€|UGH!" he tore it out of Snoutlout's grip, crumpling it and throwing with uncharacteristic savagery. "Next."

Astrid was next. "OH NO SHE DIDN'Tâ€|" Hiccup, fearful, read the paper and sputtered, "I break up with you? That would never happen! Like, everâ€|"

Tuffnut screeched in a surprisingly feminine way. "OHMYGODSOHMYGODS!" Ruffnut gagged. "Ew! Tuffnut is paired with Hiccup! Ew!"

"Like that would happen. If Tuffnut was a fruitcake, he'd pick me," Snoutlout boasted.

"I didn't know you, um, thought of me in thatâ€|mannerâ€|"

"NO!" Snoutlout panicked. "I meant, um, I don't, swing that way!"

"Let's just start reading again," Astrid said hastily.

Hiccup blinked at the next. "What's an AU?"

"No idea."

"What's a computer?"

"_You_ don't know. You really think we will?" Ruffnut pointed out.

"Well, that's useless then."

"Hey, here's one about me!" Fishlegs spoke up. He blushed heavily.

"What happens?" Ruffnut asked.

"Nothing." She wrestled it from him and turned scarlet. Tuffnut smirked as he read it out loud, "Ruffnut entangled her tongue with

Fishlegs'â€" "

"SHUT UP!" they wailed.

"Hey, this one's actually good."

Ruffnut snorted, "Because it's about you and Hiccup. Now, this one's what I call good. It's about me and Tuff when we were little."

"Aw," Hiccup said, then blushed. He fiddled with another scroll. "Hey, Toothless, it's about you." Toothless' ears perked. Hiccup shrugged. "No idea how close this is; I wish I could hear Toothless' thoughts. And I don't know a thing about his past." He pushed the scroll to the dragon, who nosed it.

"I become a dragon?"_

They sorted through more of the like until they heardâ€|a dagger-sharp gasp. Toothless bounded through them to Hiccup; Astrid, looking at his face, had a flash of memory from the day his mother died. "Nothing," he muttered. "This one was sad." He set it aside gingerly, like he was afraid of it. Ruffnut took the scroll and her eyes widened; she passed it to the others. They saw what it was; in it, Toothless had died. Astrid imagined Hiccup without Toothless and thought grimly he'd throw himself off a cliff.

It was relief to all of them when they stumbled into the pile of humorous ones.

They spent the day trashing the worst of it; but as they read through all the scrolls, many were set aside for an archive in the library.

When the last scroll was shelved, they stood with stiff legs and weary eyes. The record-keeper stumbled back in, weighted with another bag.

"Oh, godsâ€|" "

2. Chapter 2

****By review request, I return!****

They were at it again. Astrid read the AstridxHiccup ones and smiled behind them; Ruffnut alternated between poking Tuffnut with her helmet and tackling the adventure category; Snoutlout searched for any about himself. Hiccup leaned on Toothless, who was half-alert, reading their friendship ones. It was strange, he thought, how close they were to truth as they described rides and meals and adventures and nightmares he only shared with his dragon.

They had all fully intended to go for a ride today, until the record-keeper mentioned he had more fanfiction. "MORE? How is that possible?" Tuffnut demanded. "My eyes are still sore from yesterday! I am very much hurt!"

The record-keeper shrugged. "They love you kids."

Hiccup didn't have the heart to leave them unread.

Ruffnut snickered behind a scroll. Astrid glared. "What?"

"Just another person seems to think me and Hiccup are meant to be," she replied smugly.

Hiccup half-smiled as he heard Astrid mutter, "Hunt them down, all of them!"

He loved that violent girl.

"How did someone spell 'Night' wrong?" Snoutlout wondered, "Even I couldn't do that."

"You know," Hiccup mused. "A lot of these are variants on the story. Like, Toothless carried me away after the final exam; or we ran away after Astrid found us; that kind of thing. It's not bad; just odd!"

"And a lot of them are about our futures," Astrid added.

"You know what sucks?"

"What, Tuff?"

"Hiccup has Astrid; Snoutlout or Fishlegs gets Ruffnut!"

"Well, hopefully you don't want your sister!"

"Who do I get?"

"Well, assuming Ruffnut and Fishlegs happen, you and Snoutlout can put to the test that 'if-he-were-a-fruitcake-he'd-pick-me' thing."

"I don't know why I bother with you people," Tuffnut sighed.

"Because you're!"

"Ruffnut," Hiccup said warningly. "Just read."

"Hiccup, I think you'll be interested in this here," Snoutlout smirked. Hiccup turned a violent tomato. He made a noise that sounded like, "Affguhgh!" Astrid read some and reacted much the same. "Marriage!" kids!" she said. Then, she returned someone to herself, hitting Snoutlout. "Why in the name of Odin would you do that? That's!" "I don't need you suggesting things. We're not ready for!" just go read you useless meathead."

Unfortunately, there was a fair amount of suggestions in that massive fanfic pile.

* * *

><p>Hiccup found another half-dragon one and it launched him into a rant. "I'm half-dragon? Why do people keep writing this? I would like to point out that humans have been bitten by dragons and survived and they did not become half-dragons! And no child is going to survive a Night Fury attack! It doesn't happen! It. Does. Not.

Happen!"

"Thor, Hiccup, relax; my ears are bleeding."

"When you become a half-dragon I'll relax."

"It's fanfiction!"

"YES!" Tuffnut yelled.

"Why are you so loud?"

"I got a girlfriend!" He cried.

They stared.

"When didâ€"?"

"In the fanfic," he answered hastily.

"Well, that explains a lot," Ruffnut smirked. "No girl will everâ€" "

"Do you want him to jump off his dragon?" Snoutlout demanded.

"Well, then I'd get the Zippleback to myselfâ€"|"

Hiccup looked up from the scroll he'd gotten absorbed in, asking thoughtfully, "Toothless needs a mate, doesn't he? There's so many about it... are there other Night Furies? I never thought about it." Toothless cocked his head, nudging Hiccup; the others felt a certain twinge as the two talked in that silent only-theirs way. "Okay, bud," Hiccup agreed. "We'll fly-over later."

Sometimes Astrid would give anything to understand what goes between them.

"There's a fair amount about Stoick and Gobber; we should get them down there."

"You know what bothers me more than the half-dragon thing?"

"WHAT?"

>"When they make me a girl. That's an insult to all this raw manly-ness."<p>

"Your arrogance points are going to go up," Fishlegs warned.

Astrid made a decidedly un-Astrid-like yelp. "I'm dead!"

"What's wrong?"

"I'm DEAD!"

"Who wrote this?" Hiccup growled. In that moment, not even Snoutlout would have taken him. "Who thinks it's okay toâ€" "

"Guys?" Fishlegs said. "I think we're getting too affected by this."

"Legs, shutâ€" no. You're right," Tuffnut realized. "We need to go out in the sun or something."

Hiccup grinned and shared a look with Toothless. "Race?"

"You're on, fishbone."

****I love my reviewers. I got an AMAZING response to this; that's why I'm not citing all my reviewers because I got 15 in a single chapter, not counting the story alerts,etc. If you guys want continuation, send me things that just BUG you about fanfic. And the reaction, if you want; or keep it a surprise!** **It's very rare for me to leave a story with a definite end. I leave it you guys! ;)****

****So, review, my loves! Review!****

3. Chapter 3

It was later than Hiccup imagined Stoick would like him out running around Berk. Well, not running. Reading. Yeah, he's a real party animal. He had another nightmare, and for some reason he flew Toothless to the library. He hadn't a clue why he thought reading fanfiction when a fair amount of it makes him ill would help.

The firelight flickered, making Toothless look almost like a shadowy spirit. Hiccup growled and tossed another scroll. "I'm sick of this Toothcup nonsense, Toothless. We are not some cross-species couple! It's sick! And we're guys! So it's doubly messed up." Toothless growled, expressing his sentiments by picking up the scroll in his mouth and tossing it in the fire. Hiccup laughed. "Show em, bud."

When he stumbled into a new pile, he found something else he despised, something worse than being a half dragon or a girl or in a relationship with his dragon:

He and Toothless going nuts and killing each other.

In one Toothless kills him that day; in another, the situation is reversed and Hiccup kills the dragon. There was a disturbing amount of these. So apparently they're so close people think they're going to off each other or become creepy lovers.

"Maybe we need to start acting like Astrid and hunt all these people down."

Toothless' eyes glittered. He blew a breath on the stack and set them afire.

Oh, the sight is beautiful.

This is why Toothless is his best friend.

* * *

><p>"What are these disclaimer things?" Fishlegs asked. 'Is it not apparent by the fact it's Fanfiction that these people do not own us or our rights?'<p>

"Should be," Ruffnut grumbled. "Because only I own myself and my rights!" Tuffnut giggled. "What, pea-brain?"

"Just you and Fishlegs are agreeing, and it's really cuteâ€|"

Snoutlout grabbed the girl before she could do too much damage.

"EW!" Astrid shrieked. "Odin above!"

Hiccup choked. "That'sâ€|well, now we know what the term 'femslash' is."

Ruffnut looked sick. "Astrid and I have enough trouble getting along period, much lessâ€|augh. Three possible guys I could be with, and they pull that. Can we just move on?"

"Like we did with Tuffnut/Hiccup thing," Snoutlout added helpfully.

Tuffnut eyed him. "Dude, still a little freaked about the 'Tuffnut'd pick me' thing."

"I thought we were moving on?"

"There's so much needless dramaâ€|family drama, love drama, LIFE dramaâ€|" Fishlegs mused.

Hiccup suddenly burst out with, "Guys! I've figured out what OC is!"

It had posed a serious problem. Lingo in this fanfiction world was tricky. Hiccup had cracked most of it, but OC had resisted. "Own Character! They made someone up!"

"That makes sense!" Astrid exclaimed. Her eyes narrowed. "Why were there so many HiccupxOC ones? What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing," Hiccup reassured. "At all."

"Don't start making-out," Snoutlout groaned.

Hiccup blushed; Astrid glared.

"OCs are confusing. So, we're real, but they're fakeâ€|yet in these stories we co-existâ€|"

Snoutlout shrugged. "Don't ask me to explain."

"We don't ask you to explain anything, Lout."

Tuffnut froze. "Guys."

"What? Tuff, you look kind ofâ€|not good."

"Look at this!" Tuffnut screeched. "This is twincest. I am going to go find this person and make them screw their sibling and see if they still think it's okay!"

Ruffnut snarled. "I'm with stupid. Let's go rip some heads Tuff."

The remaining teens blinked at one another.

"Should we go make sure they don't kill themselves?"

"Yeah. Probably."

* * *

><p>Snoutlout found one that paired him with Astrid and at the beginning of his boast both Hiccup and Astrid charged him; she rammed her fist until his face as Hiccup barreled his weight into Lout's stomach.<p>

Tuffnut tried to control his laughter. This was his bro, after all. "Alright, the simultaneous attack wasâ€"

"Awesome!" Fishlegs supplied.

"â€" but get up."

Hiccup stepped on Snoutlout, quite purposefully, and got up with Astrid's help (it gives him an excuse to hold her hand).

Ruffnut pushed Snoutlout back down with her foot. Tuffnut started to admonish her until she handed him the scroll she was reading.

"Thought it might be easier for you to hit him that way," she explained. Tuff gritted his teeth, "Can no one distinguish between bromance and romance? Get up Lout, not your fault people ARE SICK ANDâ€"

"Tuffnutâ€" Hiccup tried to soothe, but he was on a roll.

"I have listened to many of you guys' rants, and I am going to rant!"

Oh, dear. A rant! I'll leave it your imaginations XD So I used you guys' ideas and I love you for it :) keep 'em coming! Chances are my updates on this will be a bit irregular, but as long as I can find something make fun-able I can promise more. Thanks to every reviewer, idea-giver, story alert, favorite stories, and fav author people. You keep me writing!

4. Chapter 4

Thanks to Samantha Spanner for several great ideas, not all of which appear in this chapter.

"What?"

"That makes no senseâ€"

"Who wrote that?"

"I'm not that psychoticâ€|. " Astrid muttered. "I would never kill Toothless, even if you were some sick couple and I was jealous, I wouldn't be stupid enough to try and comfort you, and I most

especially wouldn't blow up Berk and ride off with Snoutlout."

"What does that mean?" Snoutlout demanded.

"It means she doesn't and won't ever like you," Ruffnut explained.

Hiccup bit his lip, looking awkward. "I most definitely wouldn't fall in love with Toothless, but I can't promise that if anyone killed Toothless I wouldn't go nuts."

Astrid cleared her throat. "I can promise none of us are that stupid." Her eyes lingered on Snoutlout. "None of us," she promised.

* * *

><p>While the others read, Hiccup carefully inked fanfiction terms and definitions onto a scroll. "OOC," he read. "What?" He sighed. "This should be counted as hard labor."<p>

"Who is this Camicazi?" Astrid demanded. "I've read way too many where she hits on you and we fight. Who is she? Do you know her?"

Hiccup cocked his head. "I feel like I could know her, like, in a different world. If that makes sense."

"Not at all."

"You know," Snoutlout leaned against Ruffnut. "We have a fair amount of supporters." She rolled her eyes. "I'll consider it, but only if you get out of my face. Besides," she resettled, "Apparently I have supporters for me and Hiccup. Half of these things have me and Astrid going out of our minds with jealousy over Hiccup and one of us dies in the catfight."

Astrid coughed, "You." Ruffnut glared, but thankfully she was distracted by Fishlegs's groaning.

"This is so out of character," He mused. Hiccup yelled in triumph. "Out of character! Thanks, Legs!"

"What's so out of character?" Tuffnut asked.

Fishlegs made a face. "Someone put me and Astrid together. Would never happen for one, and two, I was so not right. I was too**bold.**" he blushed.

Tuffnut looked at Ruffnut and smirked.

"Quit, dumbbell!" she snarled. "Or I'll feed you to Toothless." Toothless' ears perked up.

Tuffnut edged away from the dragon's bright green eyes.

Snoutlout giggled at his scroll. "Hehe. Drunken Toothless."

"Don't give him any ideas," Hiccup cautioned. "I have enough trouble keeping him from getting into ale at the mead hall."

"Can you imagine him drunk?" Ruffnut laughed.

"Falling everywhereâ€|"

"Pounding headacheâ€|"

"Couldn't fly straightâ€|"

"Might try to eat Hiccupâ€|"

"Might try to eat you," Hiccup suggested.

Snoutlout pouted.

Everyone else laughed.

* * *

><p>"Doesn't it change the entire story if Hiccup takes Toothless and takes off? Then he and Astrid would never get together, then the battle of the Green Death would have never happened, then Berk would beâ€|."<p>

"Different," Tuffnut finished.

Hiccup shrugged. 'It's just fanfic, guys. Nothing in it's true, really."

"Two words: half-dragon. Still just fanfic?"

He scowled.

My next chapter in the works, probably coming up this weekend when my stupid exams end.

5. Chapter 5

Hey guys! So I know I'm going on 2 weeks late. But I have been crazy-busy, and really, it's not the longest I've ever made anyone wait. (Readers of How to Decide You're Ready to Get Married and Volleyball Wars can attest to that.) My apologies, and enjoy!

"I'm so confused!"

This was not uncommon to hear in the library while reading fanfiction. But this story especially baffled them all: a modern AU. Hiccup cracked 'AU'â€"alternate universeâ€"but that wasn't much help. "Television? Computer? High school? What is this?" was the collective grumble.

Hiccup shrugged. "I'm not sure we'll ever know."

"Does modern mean, like, the future?" Fishlegs sounded awed.

"Maybe."

"The future seems pretty exciting," Ruffnut exclaimed. "I could rule

over that high school thing."

"Me too," Snoutlout dreamed.

Hiccup flinched. "I would die in that high school thing."

"Wellâ€¦"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"At least he admits it," Snoutlout shrugged. "Got to say, this football thing sounds exciting. You're encouraged to tackle people!"

Hiccup muttered something about brutish strength not being a crutch for intelligence. Snoutlout debated hitting him but shrugged. Wasn't worth the wrath of Astrid.

Hiccup raised his eyebrows. "Well, that makes no sense," he said nonchalantly. "If you're going to make me a girl, why would girl-me disguise myself as a guy? Doesn't it logistically make more sense to just make me a guy in the first place?"

"What part of fanfiction is logistical, generally?" Fishlegs pointed out.

"True," Hiccup conceded.

Astrid asked unexpectedly, her voice lined with sharpness, "If I got kidnapped, what would you do, Hiccup? Would you rescue me?"

He eyed her warily. "This is a trick question, isn't it? Because if I say yes, you'll think I'm degrading you, but if I say no you'll think I don't love you. Can I abstain?"

"I can tell you the answer," she barked. "You would let me rescue myself and show up in time to give me a ride home, because I am not a damsel in distress. And those fanfic writers should realize that and not write elaborate stories where YOU save me like I need saving."

Hiccup's mouth quirked like he might laugh. "Of course," he answered tremulously, before hiding his face behind a scroll.

Snoutlout asked, "Hey Hiccup. You know dragons."

"Somewhat," Hiccup replied wryly.

"It is even possible for Toothless and Stormfly to mate? Like, don't they have to be the same species of dragons?"

"You would think." Hiccup shrugged. "It probably is possible, but it's not likely. One, they tolerate each other; I never got any feelings of fondness towards each other from them."

"And two," Astrid said. "Can you imagine what a Night Nadder would look like?"

"Not so attractive," Ruffnut agreed.

"Oy," the record keeper called. "I got something else for you. Cross-overs."

"What is that?" Tuffnut inquired.

"It's fanfiction, but it's got two separate sets of people to write about their worlds coinciding."

They set into it.

"Harry Potter...it's about magic apparentlyâ€|there are some dragonsâ€|"

"Hunger Games? So they cross that over with us. Okayâ€|" Hiccup frowned. "What! Toothless would not betray me like this!"*

"Twilight? Really?"

"This one actually kind of makes sense, Inheritance Cycle is about dragons tooâ€|"

"Lord of the Ringsâ€|Fablehavenâ€|Discworldâ€|Maximum Rideâ€|"

"Percy Jackson and the Olympians. That sounds interesting. Does it mean like Frigga and stuff?" Fishlegs asked.

"Whoa, these are just the books crossoversâ€| they have movie and TV tooâ€|"

"Um, guys?"

"What's a movie?"

"I don't know. What's TV? Does that stand for something?"

"Let's just stick to the books."

You'll be happy to know I'm planning another chapter. But really quick: can someone tell me what a killer with a prototype is? Someone suggested it in a review and I can't PM to ask. IDK if it's a term or a specific story, but I stand by my promise: if it's make fun-able, I'll write it.

***References a specific story. It WAS an interesting story, but I imagine Hiccup would be insulted. **

Review, as always, if you want to see something. Thanks!

6. Chapter 6

Curiosity/boredom led to them reading the movie crossovers. Hiccup read a few Tangled ones and promptly burned them before Astrid could find out that 99% of them were Hicpunzel. There were a couple Eragon, like the book.

"Lion king? What is a lion?"

"Screw that, what's a mermaid? There's like 3 Little Mermaid onesâ€|"

"Kung Fu Pandaâ€|hmm, not sure what a panda is either."

"Star Wars...I feel like this needs an epic theme songâ€|"

"Tinkerbell? For real? FAIRIES?"

"These make less sense than the books!"

"Let's try TV next," Astrid suggested.

"Soâ€|iCarlyâ€|why isn't the I capitalized?" Hiccup fretted.

"Bonesâ€|sounds creepyâ€|" Fishlegs shuddered.

"Secret Life of the American Teenagerâ€|sounds dirtyâ€|" Ruffnut snickered. Tuffnut elbowed her.

"Gosh, and that's not even cartoonsâ€|"

* * *

><p>Hiccup started to laugh. "Guys. Guys, look at this! Someone made me team up with Thor's greatest enemy. I mean, I know I've said the gods hate me, but I wouldn't do anything drastic like that to make them hate me."<p>

Astrid screeched. Ruffnut tried to keep her face straight and not laugh at how girly she sounded. "Ew! Ew! This is a new type of dragon-rider-cest!"

Tuffnut peered over her shoulder. "Ugh, this is disgusting. It's a certain dragon and Astrid, and ermâ€|"

Hiccup choked. Toothless looked almost as ill as Astrid, whose pale skin had greened. Hiccup didn't look so good either.

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><p>Hiccup frowned. "Why? Why would just make this entire thing a dream? So essentially my life sucks again. No Toothlessâ€|you guys would still hate meâ€|my dad would still be, you knowâ€|why would you put me back in that situation? It wasn't fun!" Astrid kissed him, and the others groaned and turned awayâ€|<p>

â€|until, they found a bag marked Rated M.

Hiccup raised his eyebrows and warned, "That sounds ominousâ€|"

But no one listened. They would regret that, later. And they couldn't look each other in the eyes for weeks, especially after they found the horror of mpreg.

* * *

><p>Hiccup leaned in the half-light against Toothless. "It's so annoying, bud," he complained. "Fanfiction writers make you human and that just ruins our relationship because they always make it Toothcup. Or you talk, and there is no explanation of why you never spoke before and how you can now." Toothless rumbled his agreement. "See, that's how you talk. I understand better that way, I think." Toothless ducked his head against Hiccup's arm and smiled. "See, like this oneâ€"another modern AU. But you're a human with a skin condition that makes your skin look black in sunshine. Makes no sense, bud." Toothless nodded. "As," he continued. "Does this vore thing. Apparently, it's when a dragon likes stores up its rider as food. Whoever writes that really doesn't understand us, do they?"<p>

Toothless cocked his head; Hiccup knew he meant, "yes."

**I'm not lying, there are Hiccup mpreg. WTH. **

Keep your ideas coming, but make sure I'll know what they are or you have PM so I can ask. Equinox 77, prim example- I still no have no idea what was meant by "killer with a prototype."

7. Chapter 7

Everyone excited? New chapter! Yes, I know it's been two months...but did I promise speedy? Absolutely not! So enjoy!

"TOOTHLESS IS NOT A GIRL!"

The citizens outside the library looked in fear at the sky, thinking Odin was about to punish them. But the source of the roar was not heavenly; it was from a meek, skinny teenage boy. "No. No. NO!" He yelled. "Toothless is not a girl dragon! He will not have little Night Fury babies! He is male!" Toothless let out one of his shrieks in agreement. The walls trembled. "MALE! Do you hear me, fanfic writers?"

Hiccup grunted. "It's bad enough to make you human, but then a _girl_? Or worse, a human girl." He shook his head at his dragon. "And then you and I fall in love because it's so convenient, you're human now! Odin above. Always the Toothcup. Always!"

Stoick stuck his head in the door. "Son, are you alright? Gobber comes runnin' sayin' the library's bout to fall overâ€|."

"Um. Fine, Dad. Justâ€| reading."

"That fanfortune thing you young ones like to read?"

"Fanfiction. Yes."

"Alrigh', then." Stoick replied, and sailed out the door like a huge Viking ship.

The others jostled into the library just after Stoick, Tuffnut and Ruffnut arguing and hair pulling as usual, Snoutlout trying to talk to Astrid as usual, and Astrid ignoring him and trying to talk to Fishlegs about whether her Nadder's wingspan was shorter than most.

The noise burst into Hiccup's mind all at once and he said "Hey, guys," as Toothless murmured his greeting.

Astrid waved the sack in her hand. "So the record-keeper gave us some scrolls in other languages."

"Really?" Hiccup tapped the ground and Astrid, with a certain measure of childish glee, poured out the scrolls. "So many," Ruffnut said, impressed. "What do you think they say?"

Snoutlout picked one up and predicted, "'Snoutlout is awesome.'"

"Orrrrrr, 'Snoutlout is a toad,'" Ruffnut returned.

"Well, we have the character names to go byâ€|" Fishlegs said logically.

It is quite likely that none of their predictions were right, but it is just as likely the writers of the said fanfics would have gotten a kick out of them.

Tuffnut frowned. "Musicals? Why would you sing about your life? 'Ooh, look I'm kicking my SISTERRRRRRR!'" He trilled as he kicked at her ribs. She dodged and sang back, "'I will break your face!'"

"Who writes a musical about cats anyway? What do they do? They meow, they eat, they sleep," Snoutlout said. "Though I get the feeling it's significantly improved by US being in it."

"Do you think it's related to the other one? I mean, Cats, Bye, bye Birdieâ€|" Fishlegs wondered.

Astrid slingshot a ball of paper, formerly a fanfiction, into the fire. "I wish people wouldn't kill you!" She snapped to her boyfriend. "YOU ARE THE HERO HERE! You can't die! Odin above!"

"I do enjoy living," Hiccup agreed. "Which is why the emo-cutting-myself/suicide ones disturb me. I know my life sucked before, but really! I'm not going to try to die because of it! That's a bit extreme."

"Here's something a little more light-hearted," Fishlegs remarked. "In this we form a band."

"Like, singing-flute-whistles-lyres?"

"Noâ€|drums, guitarsâ€|I don't know what those are. Must be European or something. Anyway, we rock the Mead Hall."

"Aw," Astrid said before she realized she was speaking aloud. She reddened, unusual for her. "These are cute, is all!" she defended herself. Hiccup took it from her grasp. "Oh! This is about me when I was little. Are there a lot of these?"

"Yes, a fair amount."

"Well," Hiccup said. His eyes were soft with remembrance. "That's okay. This seems pretty accurate. And no dragon eats me. I'm satisfied."

"In some of them you meet and befriend Toothless earlier," Astrid said.

Hiccup smiled at his overgrown lizard, outside rolling in dragon nip with Stormfly and Horrorcow. "I don't mind that. But how would things be different if we had? Would the Dragon Peace have happened earlier? Hm."

Toothless, probably sensing Hiccup looking out at him, sat up and smiled toothlessly.

* * *

><p>"You know, I've heard the phrase 'raised by dragons' but I didn't realize people took it literally," Ruffnut said. "A lot of fanfiction covers that topic."<p>

"When you say heard the phrase, do you mean your mother told you and Tuff to stop acting like you've been raised by dragons?" Astrid questioned.

"Maybe," Ruffnut muttered.

Hiccup and the others grinned into their laps at the expressions on the twins' faces.

Hiccup was reading something that felt like, even though it was fanfiction, reading a diary; he was reading stories about his parents. His dad. His mom. Them together, them apart. Them with him before she died. A part of him ached for his family reading him, but then he thought firmly that he had a family. Toothless. Stoickâ€"Gobberâ€" Astridâ€"Fishlegsâ€"the twins, and even Snoutlout. He began to organize the scrolls and reached to read about Gobber's misadventures.

* * *

><p>"What's prototype?"<p>

"I don't know," Hiccup replied. "A game, obviously." He began reading. His body tensed the more he read unless he began to seem like a smoking volcano ready to erupt. The first chapter was okay. "Okay, umâ€"I got bit by a bug and got a virus or something. It wasâ€"cancerous and everyone thought I was going to die. But I didn'tâ€"and my leg grew backâ€"and now I'm really scary strongâ€"and Gods, I'm whiny! ODIN! I justâ€"killed a Zippleback, with my bare hands? And now I know everything it didâ€".um, okayâ€".this will eventually make senseâ€" He looked at his friends' puzzled expressions and shook his head. "Hopefully."

It did not. In the rest, he became a Zippleback (briefly), started have split personality disorder (at least, that's what he assumed when two voices spoke in his mind)â€" he yelled "GODS!" when the story-self got angry and hurt Toothless. "Would never happen," he growled. "Ever!" â€".then he/ the other him killed/ absorbed a Monstrous Nightmare, then in an effort to save Toothless killed a ton of guys and liked itâ€".at this point, Hiccup was livid. He unclenched his fingers from the paper and tore it into small shreds before burning them. He turned back to his friends and said as calmly

as possible. "Anyone up for a ride?"

* * *

><p>Hiccup and Astrid were the only ones left in the library.
"Astrid, no," Hiccup said. "We are NOT reading them. Not! It's a terrible idea!"<p>

"Oh, come on," she wheedled. "How bad can it be?"

"It's rated M, Astrid. About us. It can be bad."

"It's not like I'm twelve, Hiccup."

"Well, I'm going to read harmless future fics. You do what you want."

She obstinately began to read. She shuddered in less than five minutes, turned vampire-pale and shut the scroll. "You were right," she said faintly. She tossed the rest in the fire slowly and began to trudge out of the library. "No goodnight kiss?" Hiccup called after her.

"Not after that. I need to bathe. Vigorously."

**Poor Astrid! I really got into some of my blood-boilers today: female Toothless; emo Hiccup; and good goodness, I read that prototype one and I knew I was gonna have to use it. **

But just so everyone knows, I never want to offend anyone. These are my personal takes on what I think the characters would think.

As always, review me if you want to see something or if something really tickled you!

8. Chapter 8

Hello there! been a while, huh? Enjoy!

"That's more like it," Astrid nodded. "Me saving you, for once. I totally could. Just so you know."

"I don't doubt it," Hiccup assured her. "Can I see that?"

She handed him the scroll.

"There's only one problem with this, other than the whole captured-and-enslaved thing. The Romans fell like 300 years ago. It's historically impossible. That's reassuring, actually."

"Hmph! What does this mean? I'm only sane because YOU'RE around? What do you have to do with my sanity! And if you ran away, I would NOT go on some killing spree as a result. My sanity is NOT questionable!" Astrid glared around her like she was addressing a vast audience. "Knock that off, you morons."

"Astrid, they can't hear us," Hiccup tried to say. He was glad Toothless was there to back him up.

"They have to be getting information on us somehow! How do you know they're not watching?"

Well, that's not paranoid at all, he thought, but wisely kept that thought to himself. How did he know they weren't watching?

* * *

><p>Snoutlout was hurt. "I admit, I've been a jerk."<p>

"Lout, been? You were jerky two minutes ago."

"Two minutes ago is still in the past!" He cried.

"He's really serious," Fishlegs observed.

"I've been a jerk," Snoutlout continued. "But really, these writers represent me as so heartless. I've been pushing Hiccup into mud puddles since we were born; it's just a habit by now."

"Because that makes it okay," Hiccup muttered.

"And yes, I flirt with his girlfriend. But I've been doing that for years too. Besides, it's good for him to have a little competition."

Astrid guffawed. "Yes, Snoutlout, you are truly competition."

He held up his hand. "Not right now, Astrid. But that doesn't mean I don'tâ€" his voice dropped to a murmur. "â€"care about him."

"What was that?" Hiccup asked.

Snoutlout repeated it, slightly louder.

"Still didn't catch it," he said pleasantly.

He bellowed: "CARE ABOUT HIM!"

Hiccup grinned. "Aw, you do have a heart. And I just thought you hung out with me because of Astrid."

"I do! You just totally twisted my words, little cousin!"

Hiccup winced. "Do we have to go back to little cousin? I thought we made progress!"

"Shut up. I still can beat you up."

"The leg hasn't made me any less fast, Lout. I can still outrun you, andâ€" His voice was snug. "I have Toothless, and we can outfly you too."

"Ooooooh, you gonna take that, Lout?"

"Fishlegs is right, your arrogance points are going up."

"Not if he's telling the truth," Ruffnut pointed out.

"Oh, be quiet," Snoutlout grumbled.

"Okay, big cousin," Hiccup agreed. "I'm going to shut it."

They learned a new term, whump, and celebrated by having a paper snowball fight with all those fanfics. It was beautiful.

Ruffnut looked at Hiccup and burst into giggles. Hiccup had experience ignoring giggling, but eventually he had to ask, "What?"

"It's sillyâ€|butâ€|" she started to laugh again. "Justâ€|read thisâ€|."

Astrid looked at her, concealing giggles of her own, "You're laughing because Hiccup swears in the fanfic?"

She tumbled helplessly over Tuffnut. "He never curses! It's so funny! Teehee!"

Astrid gave in to her laughter. "I think it's funnier when they have him drinking! He can't hold a half glass!"

"Someone has to stay sober to get you drunkards home," he called.

She turned towards him and again died laughing. "Ruffnut, remember on my birthday?" They shrieked and rolled over the floor, cackling.

"Shut up or I talk about what happened on MY birthday," Hiccup threatened. "I'm sure your mom would be very interested to know about YOUR activities, Miss Thorston."

"KILLJOY!" She yelled, but shushed. That was never going to be discussed again if she could help it.

* * *

><p>The twins, contrary to their condemnation of musicals, had taken to singing about their lives. They made up songs to go with each fanfiction type. The two most commonly sung ones were, "Ree-JECT-ted!" as a fic was trashed, or "Acc-CEPT-ted!" if it was shelved. The others got so used to hearing them they started doing it too.<p>

"AUGHHHH! REJECTED!" Hiccup cried, flinging the paper away from him. "Ew. Can you believe someone made me cursedâ€"

"Yesâ€"

"â€"so I was a hermaphroditeâ€"

"Ew!"

"Wait, what?" Snoutlout asked, but Hiccup was still talking.

"â€"and Toothless raped meâ€"

"What story IS this?"

"and at the end we become mates." Hiccup cringed.

"Yeah, I call that Ree-JECT-ted!" Tuffnut agreed.

Something else that bothered Hiccup was Toothless-finding-out-about-his-tail-fics. Okay, one, Toothless knows. He is just saying! Toothless is very intelligent. Hiccup had TOLD him the first time they met. "I brought down this mighty beast! I did this!" seemed pretty explanatory. And then, invariably in those stories, Toothless would get angry. Leave. Gods above, how was he supposed to feel about that? He's had awful nightmares about Toothless' tail growing back and him happily flying away without a glance back. He shook his head, laying a hand on Toothless' warm scales. Toothless hummed. Hiccup stoked the fire with any fanfic he found with the terribly overused tail plot. He started talking to Toothless after a while, until Astrid came in and asked him, "You know if people we didn't know came in right now they'd think you're crazy?"

"How else am I supposed to talk to him, sign language?"

Astrid only laughed. "You're such a moron. You're lucky I like you anyway."

* * *

><p>They received a letter, signed by a small army of people, explaining that they passed along the scrolls to reach Berk. They were requesting permission to read and comment on the scrolls, since by now they were really curious. Review the stories. "Oh, why not?" Fishlegs said, and Hiccup started to write the reply.<p>

That occupied their conversation until they were told of DeviantART.

Da da dunn! So now they're going to get REVIEWS, and they'll get the wonderful deviantART! The deviantART chapter will be the next one, so send me ideas pertaining to that as well as the usual fanfiction ones. Everyone excited? I am!

9. Chapter 9

THE DEVIANTART CHAPTER! AHHHHHH!

They had convened in the library earlier that day when they heard a strange term from the record-keeper. "DeviantART. It's pictures they drew about you. Some are really beautiful!" then he blushed, because Vikings only occasionally think beautiful and do not say it often. They immediately tore into the bags.

There were all kinds of drawings, all in different styles and colors: some sketches, some watercolors, some scary-look-alike, black and white, and some with big-eyed little people. Some fascinated Hiccup as he wondered how they were achieved. what looked like frozen images of time, no drawing lines to be seen. How?

Hiccup found himself making very unmanly noises and showing Toothless all the pictures of them. They were SO CUTE! Toothless liked them

too, and kept nosing at them and chuckling deep in his chest. "Aw! You're holding a flower!" he cooed at one point. 'Oh Odin, did I do it again?" he chided himself.

>Astrid was hugely pleased when she saw a wonderful sketch of her Nadder Stormfly. The twins squealed in their scary twin-unison at a gorgeous pencil drawing of them together, and all the other twin pictures after that. Snoutlout laughed out loud at one and handed it to Hiccup. It showed Stoick slipping food to Toothless while Hiccup complained he was going to get fat. "Would you believe he really does this?" Hiccup asked. "I've caught him at it. Yet he still calls Toothless my overgrown lizard. Go figure."<p>

Of course, no pleasure could be properly enjoyed without some crap slipping in. "Am I a girl or a guy in this?" Hiccup asked about one, and no one could give him a definite answer. One they really liked though didn't quite understand was a drawing of them gathered together in dark robes like they had never seen in Berk. Hiccup was reminded of tales his father had brought back from an expedition to the south of a wizard named Merlin.

For some reason some kid with spiky hair in an orange outfit kept popping up, and a yellow dragon. No one recognized him. In fact by the end it was really frustrating poor Fishlegs. "This kid! He is not in this!"

Of course, sometimes the images were massively off, especially where Hiccup and Toothless were concerned. "Geez," Astrid commented. "You're bony, but you're nowhere near THAT bony." Hiccup critiqued a lot of pictures of Toothless. "His face looks nothing like this!"

Toothcup penetrated even DA. Hiccup flung away more than one paper in disgust. Seeing it was even worse than reading it. He saw one with Toothless's little Night Fury baby. He hoped that person just had Toothless fathering the dragon. He was MALE! He did see two frozen shots of a girl that looked like Astrid, with the icy eyes and pale hair, and guy with floppy hair similar to himself. It made him smile. He found some pictures to take with him of him and Toothless and Astrid together. One of his favorites was one of Toothless pushing him with his snout to Astrid. He loved any he found of him and Astrid. He was such a girl. Oh well.

All their dragons made appearances, even some of Terrible Terrors. There were sketches of a Thunder Drum, a Whispering Death, a Timberjack, a scrill, and a Changewing.

Toothless was highly offended when someone took him and remodeled him into a horse. Hiccup found it amusing because Toothless had a sound hatred and derision for the creatures, as he had found out when he tried to ride one and his Night Fury did not like it.

There were, like with fanfic, a lot of future drawings. Hiccup was mildly surprised by how many people drew him looking much more like his father than HE ever thought he would.

Ruffnut whistled as she found one entitled. 'Adult Ruffnut.' "Now, I am sexy. Look how sexy, Lout."

"Truly sexy," he replied, going closer.

"Not an invitation, Lout, just a statement."

"Oh, one dayâ€|you will be BEGGING."

"Whatâ€|are those puppies we're flying on?" No lie. They were puppies.

"I am not blond!" Hiccup complained, smoothing his hand over his (not blond) hair.

"Wow," Astrid said. "This is such a good picture of me! 'Viking Hall of Fame'â€|.Look Hiccup, here's one of you!"

"Wow!" He agreed.

"Ruffnut, you too!" She replied with the "Wow!" too.

Hiccup died laughing at a picture of Toothless hugging him with the caption, "My Human. Get your own." And again at Toothless growling at his now girlfriend, "You touch the boy, I rip your face." Were you really thinking that? He wondered at his dragon. "Rule number oneâ€|"do NOT steal the fish." And, "You did not just step on my picture." "New hairdoâ€|"is it permanent?" "Toothlessâ€|"is not so toothless." (Not the point!)

And his feeling were summed up with, "Toothcup: What has been seen cannot be unseen."

Astrid does not wear the pants! He protested silently at a picture captioned so. A small voice in his head wondered, "Does she?" Oh, Gods, that was a real question.

They took the picture of a yellow sign, "Warning! Dragon Training Arena" and hung it up at the training center.

**All mentioned pictures exist! Go check them out, they were so good! (Except...the Toothcup. Shudder.) I made it through pages and paes, but there were over 31,000. This is a snapshot. And I recommend going to DA and searching "Hiccup demotivational poster". A picture will pop up called, "Fanfiction. Guess who just discovered it?" with Hiccup's face after the fish-incident. **

Fit with this story pretty well, no?

**Thanks to Anon for the whole idea of using DeviantART. **

**Send me the ideas for next chapter! I have a simply awful one I'll have to go off on* mysterious smile*. **

10. Chapter 10

Okay, I'd usually quip something about my lateness. But I literally got only 5 ideas for this chapter, and I was waiting for more. I rely on your guys...without you, I have to dig in the archive myself. SEND THE IDEAS. I beg you. Only 5 ideas? Thus why this is so short.

"Astrid, if we had a kid, what would he look like?" Hiccup asked.

"Huh!"

"Oh, gods, I just realized the awkwardness of that question. It's for purely non-relationshipy reasons."

"I guessâ€|" She thought. "This is officially the weirdest question you've ever asked me. Wait, why is it a he? We could have a girl, you know."

"It's a he right now."

"That is so male."

"Astrid! Neither gender exists anyway!"

"Well, your hair," she decided. "I guess pretty lean, but strong. My eyes? I don't know, I'm not a psychic."

"Not bad," Hiccup said, examining the paper. "Okay, check this out. See?" Astrid looked at the drawing of a boy, startlingly like Hiccup. "He's supposed to be our son. His name is Kerr. There's a ton of him, it's kind of a thing."

"Wowâ€|" Astrid said so softly Hiccup barely heard her.

"This one is so great," Hiccup grinned, handing her the image. She burst out laughing. It was a picture of a bandaged around the head Kerr and Hiccup, with Astrid yelling at Stoick in the background. Hiccup was saying, "Now, what did you learn today?"

"Just because Grandpa says 'hit your head against a rock' doesn't mean you should." Kerr answered. Even Toothless had a cameo in the picture.

"The person who made him up gave him a backstory and everything. He supposedly falls for Ruffnut and Fishlegs' daughter Mead. Here's the picture of their family."

"Wow," Astrid repeated. "It's kinda coolâ€|but kindaâ€|"

"Not?" Hiccup finished with a smile.

"I do like the name Kerr," she said thoughtfully.

"Yeah? Me too."

There was a lightly flushed, sweet moment where Hiccup took her hand before he asked, "Do you want to go mess with Ruffnut and Fishlegs about their kids?"

"Oh, how well you know me."

* * *

><p>"What do you guys think about this roleplaying thing? It's like, they dress up like us and act out our lives like we would." Hiccup explained.<p>

"When you word it like thatâ€|." Tuffnut began.

"It's a little creepy-soundingâ€¦." Ruffnut added.

"It reminds me of that story my mom used to tell me, with the creepy troll who tried to impersonate Gilrock the Grunt." Fishlegs chimed in.

"Flattering though," Astrid mused.

"Yeah, flattery through imitation," Snoutlout agreed.

"Wait!" Hiccup cried. "That's what those pictures of the people who looked like us were! They were role-player people!"

"I hope they already looked like us and didn't go to that much trouble to get that way." Astrid muttered.

* * *

><p>"Okay, we already did this once. How? How did we just still open that bag?"<p>

"Because we're stupid." Tuffnut muttered.

"You'd think we learn from the fanfiction." Ruffnut added.

"Aghh. It was filtered. It was MARKED. We should know." Snoutlout said.

"So many inappropriate images in my head right now," Tuffnut whimpered.

The others smirked. "We learned the first time," Astrid gloated.

"Don't rub it in," Tuffnut begged.

"EW! EW! DAD RAPE! DAD RAPE!"

"What?"

Hiccup flung the scroll at them.

"EWWWWWWWWWW!"

"Let me see the reviews," Hiccup demanded. "I need to find out what people say to this."

"I think I might throw up," Fishlegs moaned.

"I will never look at your dad without remembering this," Ruffnut groaned.

"Dinner is going to be so awkward," Hiccup grimaced. Toothless' eyes widened. "Oh, gods."

"Well, you know," Snoutlout shrugged. "Rule 34. Anything totally innocent can be made disgusting."

They all glanced at the piles around them with a new

apprehension.

****If anyone knows the title of the dad rape one, tell me. I couldn't find it. I really wanted to read the reviews so Hiccup could have a proper freak out. Maybe next chapter, if someone knows...****

11. Chapter 11

"Hiccup, stop obsessing."

"I can't," he groaned. "This is worse than anything ever on here. Read these reviews! It makes it worse!"

"Peopleâ€¦_like_â€¦this?"

"THEY DO!" He cried. "I mean, the author does warn about content, and I was the moron who read it anyway, but if I see the phrases 'guilty pleasure' or 'so hot' ONE MORE TIMEâ€¦"

"Hey, here's a flame," Astrid encouraged. "Ooh. A bad one. They call them sick and disgusting. Ooh, the author gets all defensiveâ€¦"

"It is sick and disgusting," Hiccup muttered. "Burning it wouldn't do it justice. How can I destroy this in the most awful way?"

They spent a good two hours debating whether it should be feed a monstrous Nightmare, dissolved in hydrochloric acid, given a Viking burialâ€¦. The list went on.

"I want to go find this author and ask them how they'd like their dad raping them," Hiccup growled.

[You know who you are, if you're reading this.]

* * *

><p>Hiccup was really getting concerned over how girly he was getting. He liked these Hicstrid fics too much. Toothless was so judging him. He started laughed every time Hiccup smiled at the page. "Shut up, you useless reptile," he muttered. Toothless grinned.<p>

Astrid leaned against the doorway and smiled at him. "Any good?"

He looked up, smoothing his hair like he did when he was nervous. "Erm, yeah. Shut _up_, Toothless!"

Toothless rolled over, still smirking.

She slipped in and sat next to him. She said nothing; her head nestled onto his shoulder. He took his other hand and smoothed circles into her palm.

Okay, yeah, he liked the romantic stuff too much. Whatever.

He did have some issues with it though. He had to be careful what he read. He avoided anything rated M, because he loved Astrid too much have a panic attack every time she kissed him after readingâ€¦that.

It took at least three days before she'd even hold his hand again after the scary rape fanfiction she read. (For the record, he is not a rapist. Okay? Just clearing that up.) And yeah, Vikings aren'tâ€¦strict aboutâ€¦intimacy. His dad would kill him, but even if he did get Astrid pregnant (Gods forbid!), no problem. They'd get married, or if she hated him for the whole impregnating thing, the Vikings have a child support system. He might be a 16 year old guy, but that doesn't mean he's about to jump Astrid's bones. The closest Astrid's ever done to any jumping happened in a dream that messed him up for a few days and that Astrid will never find out about until she's already married him. The point is that they aren't at that level. He can't even read it without turning various reds/purples. The guys mess with him, but at least he has a girlfriend. Though fanfiction gives them plenty of OCs to choose fromâ€¦ maybe, one day, Tuffnut will move out and get married and make Ruffnut very happy, and Snoutlout will find someone who thinks he's as great as he makes himself out to be. Fishlegsâ€¦Fishlegs will definitely find a nice girl.

* * *

><p>"Why do they alwaysâ€¦expect me to fail at gym?" Hiccup wondered.<p>

Snoutlout snickered. "Gee, maybe because you're a toothpick?"

"And the least athletic person I've ever met?" Tuffnut added.

"I remember when we used to play dodge ball," Ruffnut said dreamily. "And we'd all throw balls at himâ€¦"

"And when we'd raceâ€¦"

"And kickballâ€¦"

They all sighed.

"Thanks, guys." He rolled his eyes. "Well, this is new. An OC based off the author."

Snoutlout whistled. "Fan club! Tell me, is she hot?"

"Snoutlout!" Hiccup protested.

"What? That's important stuff, cous."

"You pig," Ruff said reflectively.

Astrid made a face. "Why're you so pair-able?"

Hiccup shrugged. "You tell me." He whispered to Toothless: "Must be a good day. No one's getting hunted downâ€¦yet."

"Oh look, Astrid, we have a daughter now," Hiccup called.

"Huh?"

"Oh, Gods, when am I going to learn to think before I talk? DeviantART. Cafcow drew Kerr a sibling." He handed her the

image.

"She's me with brown hair," Astrid marveled. "'Scout,'" she read. "Not my favorite name. Like her ax, though."

"Okay, I thought you'd appreciate this," Hiccup said with a grin. The picture was of two kids arguing, "My dad could beat your dad!" "My dad could beat your dad!" Kerr piped up with, "Yeah? My mom could beat both your dads!"

Astrid burst out laughing. "My favorite part," she chortled. "Is the look on your face when he says that!"

"Remember how we saw Fishlegs' and Ruffnuts' kids? Here's everyone's all together. Snoutlout's, Tuffnut's&|"

"Tuffnut has twins? Seems fitting."

She started pluck through the piles herself. She found one called "How to Take Care for Your Blacksmith" and read it, trying to keep her flushing smile out of view. She put it in the save pile and allowed herself to look over at her blacksmith. Well, someone has to take care of him, and she's up for the challenge.

****You guys have got to go to DA and check that last one out. It was so freaking cute.****

****Also, in my research, I was reading Getting Used to It and Life Afterwards. Both were great. The second had a few more adult chapters so my younger readers please don't read those chapters. I was also told Hero of the Day was very good, but I hadn't gotten around to reading it, I thought some 30 chapters of fanfiction was enough for one day. Let me know!****

****As always, ideas: bring me your favorites, your blood boilers, your minor annoyances, your thoughts. I want to get out at least one chapter in August if not two before I have to go back to school and actually do things other than fanfiction.**
TEAR*

****Review!****

12. Chapter 12

"This is creepy," Ruffnut said, her hair spilling over their legs; she was strewn on the floor in a way that hardly looked comfortable, but apparently was. "You're a little psycho in this one, Hiccup." He reached for the scroll. "The first two chapters you're pretty normal. Astrid and you clash or something because of her dad."

"Her dad likes me, thank you," Hiccup said. "I worked hard to win him over."

Astrid grinned. "He put you to work."

"I'll say. I was sore for two weeks."

"Chapter 3," Ruffnut directed.

Hiccup read. Astrid watched, waiting for him to toss it at her. "Yeah, psycho works," he agreed. "In this, I've carved a cross in my wall for every time someone insulted me. Gods, we're talking about hundreds at least. Oh, and the kicker? The biggest one's from when my dad supposedly told Gobber he wished I'd died instead of my mother and I was to blame for her death. Ouch. I mean, my dad wouldn't say that kind of thing. We've had our problems, but still. Gosh, it'd be really great if fanfiction would quit trying to ruin my relationship with my father." He handed it to Astrid, "You slap me, too. Twice," he added. "I dunno, punching my arm seems milder than slapping me—I do get the kiss afterwards though."

Astrid punched his arm. Hiccup waited for the reason. "Oh, it just felt appropriate," she explained. Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Thanks." She pulled him in for the kiss.

Snoutlout coughed something along the lines of "Whipped!"

"Hey, Snoutlout, any girl on the horizon for you?" Hiccup returned innocently.

"Um—yes—"

"Who actually talk to you?" He probed.

Snoutlout looked at Ruffnut.

"Yeah, no, moron," she told him.

"Question answered," Astrid finished.

"Ew," Snoutlout groaned. "Hiccup is my cousin. I mean, pairing us is incestuous. And slash. And just really wrong. Ewwwwwww!"

"You know, that might be the first one like THAT we've read," Fishlegs thought. "How does that even—happen?"

Snoutlout scanned it. "Erm, kidnap Hiccup, beat up Hiccup, fall in love with Hiccup—yeah. That's about it."

Hiccup met Snoutlout's eye and they both cracked up. "Yeah, right," Hiccup chortled.

Snoutlout made a face. "Like _you'd_ get all of this."

"Okay, Lout, okay. Crying over here from the deprivation of all of that."

They burst out laughing again.

"Mary Sue," Fishlegs grumbled. That was one phrase they had grasped the meaning of quickly.

"Mary Sue dragon," Hiccup added. "They don't exist. They don't get dragons. They don't get OC dragons, either. I mean this one has one she wears on a bracelet around her worst, and it goes into a full size dragon. I mean, where does the saddle go? Matter cannot just VANISH!"

"Speaking of OC dragons, what is it with white furies?!" Fishlegs

cried. "They aren't even a species."

"OC dragons," Tuffnut said, shaking his head. "Aren't there already enough of them to write a decent story?"

"I kind of get the logic," Hiccup thought. "I mean night furies are black, white furies rhymes, and they're white, which is the opposite of black...still, it's weird."

"Speaking of which," added Tuffnut.

"What? White furies or weirdness?"

"Kind of both. Okay, so this chick Zathara is a—" Air quote time! "—normal demigod. Okay, how is a demigod normal? You're part _god._ Her mom is the goddess of dragons—there's another thing, all the GODS are OC—" "

"Why? We already have _real _gods, why make any up?"

"Dunno. So Stoick is her daddy and you're her bro, Hiccup."

"Hmm, I always wondered what it was like to have a sibling."

"Awful!" "Terrible!" Ruffnut and Tuffnut exclaimed at once.

"Wait, what about my mom?!"

"Um—|I wasn't reading that closely," Tuffnut sidestepped.

"So then what happens?" Snoutlout asked.

"Eh, not sure, I kind of zoned out reading it."

"How does this relate to white furies, toe-nail head?" Ruffnut demanded.

"Oh yeah, she rides a white fury."

"Toe-nail head, that one's new," Astrid noted.

"Good one, Ruff," Snoutlout complemented. Tuff narrowed his eyes. "Toe-nail head? Alright, then. It's ON."

While the twin tested their inventiveness, the others returned to reading.

"Mildly out of character in some places, still a good read," Astrid pronounced of 'Hero of the Day.' "Even though your dad dies—|not hearing a reaction out of Hiccup, she inquired: "Hiccup?"

His eyes were soft and dreamy, like when he gets lost in his thoughts. "Sometimes reading these ones from Toothless's point of view is weird. I feel like they make him too—|human? And then sometimes it's the other way around and he's not intelligent enough." He stopped to smile at his dragon. "Sometimes they get it right. Or close enough. I couldn't say just what his thought process is like—|hmm." He returned his scroll, but his face didn't change. Astrid half-smiled. Hiccup could never stop wondering.

* * *

><p>"Well, that's refreshing," Hiccup told his dragon, who merely rolled over with his paws up, begging for a good rub. Hiccup lay down the scroll to indulge him. "Regular old bonding with you and me. Toothcup free." Toothless gurgled his approval, either for the fanfiction that had pleased his hatchling or that Hiccup knew exactly where to scratch. Ahhhh.<p>

Hiccup moved his hands under the chin and continued. "Unlike that one over there. You turned me into a Night Fury. I mean, people are so desperate to make Toothcup work. And it _doesn't._" Toothless gave an emphatic growl. "In one Loki himself turns you into a human with wings and a tail. And then the Toothcup."

Toothless flapped his tail. Hiccup smiled. "Are you ready for me to stop complaining and us to go fly?"

Toothless scrambled up.

"That's a yes, huh?"

Okay, so I am a Wicked fan. Defying Gravity is one of my favorite songs. So I get a tip to go on DeviantART and see "Defying Gravity." Someone had taken the lyrics and applied it to HTTYD comic.

**I died laughing. **

Seriously. Go look it up. You're welcome.

I'm also in the process of reading Hitchups, because it is "the father of deviation fics." Gosh, no one told it me had forty chapters. I've been reading it for three days. I'm on Chapter 30. It may end up appearing in this story.

I really love you guys. I have 13, 536 views on this, 187 reviews, 67 followers and 68 favorites. This one's my most popular, except my Sherlock Holmes story and possibly Volleyball Wars. So thank you all so much!

While I'm saying updates, I've been getting a lot of recommendations for specific things. Please don't give me something that I can only write a sentence about, especially not if it's long, because that just delays chapters. But thanks for the suggestions; KEEP THEM COMING!

**Oh, and someone reviewed critically about my choiuce of fanchildren. One: I take suggestions, I don't browse in my free time, so I don't even know of other fanchildren, because I didn't look for them. Also I wouldn't call them "crap." I thought they were well done. That's not very nice. What if the artist saw that? Please be considerate, readers (says the girl who makes fun of stories for her own pleasure. Still. I'm serious). **

13. Chapter 13

Hiccup grinned, catching Astrid's eye and bursting out laughing. "I have got to show this to my dad."

"It's not anything related to incest, right?" Fishlegs checked.
"Because I do not even want to go there again."

"No. Trust me, never again. This is a good one," he assured, handing over _The Terrible Terror of Stoick the Vast. _"My dad gets turned into a Terrible Terror."

They all giggled for at least an hour over that image. Every time they tried to stop, someone would cackle, "Your dad as the _smallest_ dragon!"

Astrid shook her head. "I get where this author is trying to be original and everything, and that's great, butâ€¦c'mon, Hiccup? Charged with attempted _murder_? I mean, for one he establishes he's fifteen. And look at him!"

They proceeded to look at him.

"Definitely," Ruffnut agreed.

Hiccup raised his eyebrows. "Okayyy."

"I just cannot picture you killing anything," Ruffnut explained.
"Including spiders."

Hiccup looked a little dismayed. "Is that a good thing, orâ€¦?"

"Good." "Good." "Good." "Terrible." "Awful." Insert keen from Toothless, which probably translated as, "Fantastic, especially for me, and I will kill those naysayers at any point that they start to annoy you."

"Have you noticed in these modern AUs Toothless always ends up as black wolf?" Fishlegs pointed out. "Occasionally a big cat."

"Like this one," Astrid said, holding up _Chasing Thunderstorms._ "Check, wolf. Also, awesome story, for an AU. I break your wrist."

"You should not sound so happy about that," Ruffnut exclaimed.

"It seemsâ€¦in character!" Astrid protested.

"Oh my Gods, is Hiccup going to become a battered boyfriend?" Snoutlout asked. "Because only real men can take itâ€¦"

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "I'll be sure to keep you guys informed on the abuse front."

"Just because she's a girl _does not_ mean she can't beat you up," Fishlegs warned.

"Yeah, Ruffnut abuses me all the time," Tuffnut chimed in.

"I know that, I learned both those when we were young," Hiccup cut them off.

"Oh, yeah, Astrid gave you a black eye for asking if you could borrow

her dagger!"

There was a chorus of "Oh, I remember that!" Astrid had the grace to look guilty. Hiccup grinned at her. "And I never asked to borrow anything from her again."

"You know people are writingâ€¦" Fishlegs checked for accuracy. "â€¦novelizations of our story. Like odes. We're, y'know, recorded for posterity."

They let that sink in. They had joined the ranks of the heroes they had grown up hearing stories about. Hiccup most of all. Meanwhile, while the others were contemplating their new roles, Hiccup was scratching Toothless' neck and ignoring the itch where his prosthetic began. He really had mostly adjusted to it. But when it itched at the stump, and he couldn't scratch, it was miserable.

He had read many fics about his leg. His leg in winter, trying to recover from it, how it felt when he lost it. He didn't have words to describe most of that.

But it was another link to Toothless, and that helped. Like maybe the gods' had had a plan all along for them.

Snoutlout twitched.

"What?" Tuffnut asked. He scanned the oneshot and winced. It was about other tribes who came to learn about the dragons. One came who were violent towards dragons, and when Toothless ended up with an ax in his legâ€¦a Viking died by the hand of one pacifist Hiccup.

"The scary thing is," Snoutlout whispered. "Tell me you can't see Hiccup going nuts if anything threatened Toothless, much less hurt him in any way."

"I can," Tuff said grimly. "Why do you think me and Ruff have never even tried to heckle Toothless?"

Toothless rolled over onto Hiccup's lap, about crushing his legs. Hiccup laughed and tickled his dragon. "That's how it's gonna be, huh?" Toothless laughed with him. Hiccup looked up to Tuffnut and Snoutlout backed against a corner, looking stricken.

"What?"

"NOTHING!" Tuffnut yelped.

Hiccup shrugged at a confused Toothless.

Astrid gulped. "This is scary, Ruff."

"What, marrying Hiccup? C'mon, we all know you two areâ€¦"

"I was talking about the fanfic."

"Which is about marrying Hiccup."

"Yeah, but this set right before Toothless, and we weren't even getting along. Not to mention, neither of us are happy about it either. And we're, y'know, 14 in this. I mean, I know it's not unheard of, exactly, but it's soâ€¦young."

"Well, yeah; when I was 14 I was still matching my tunics with Tuffnut's. I mean, that was still _childhood._"

"I know!" Astrid exclaimed. Her voice dropped. "Okay, but other than thatâ€¦I'm liking this one. It'sâ€¦in character. Yes."

Ruffnut snickered. "Nothing to do with you marrying Hiccup. Uh-huh."

"Shut up! And you say nothing!"

"Yeah, sure, Astrid."

"I wonder why people are so fascinated by genderbending," Hiccup speculated. "I mean, why does making me a girl change so many things? Other than it makes them feel better about shipping me with Tuff or Fish."

"Guess what I found?" Fishlegs threw out. "It's a genderbend with _Astrid_ as a boy."

"Well, I don't think we've ever seen that one," Hiccup replied.

"Wait. If Astrid's a boy, is Hiccup a girl?"

"Nope."

Cue the awkward silence.

"We don't _know _it's shipping them."

"Do we want to find out?"

"We're probably going to regret this."

"Let's look already!" Ruffnut cried impatiently.

Fishlegs began to readâ€¦then stopped mid-word.

"Oh my GODS!" Fishlegs cried. His usually mild features portrayed genuine fear. "I just realized something."

"What, Legs?"

"This fanfiction started because of the stories about us getting out, right? Butâ€¦deviantART. _How do they know what we look like?!"_

"OH MY GODS!"

**That cut off story will be mentioned further later, hopefully. I'm waitng for a reply. **

**Okay, having gotten this suggestion about a thousand times, I'm giving away a lovely plot secret. **

**Everyone wants them to find this fanfic? That's been the plan since at least chapter six, if not before. But see, I've been planning on ending the fic there. SO it was going to be a while off. If you guys

reallyyyyyy want to see that, I could alter my plans... **

**Also, secret revealed: me and one Astrid Goes For a Spin have a collab planned for a fanfic-academy run by our gang here. It's a tad like Oh, Gods. So option 2: I could write my final chapter, ending with the above, and we launch write into that. **

So, tell me, loves.

**Also, still give me suggestions. But for specific stories, do me a huge favor and make SURE I can use it, especially if it's long. I hate reading 30 chapter stories that I can't use. It just delays the next chapter! **

14. Chapter 14

To quote Zombieland: "I am SO f*ing sorry!" It's been almost three months! I'M SO SORRY!**

"So, Heather," Astrid said, leaning towards Hiccup.

"What about her?" Hiccup said slowly. "Astrid, I swear nothing happened with her. Except, you know, the stuff you already know about."

"Nothing," she said, "Fanfiction is just writing about her, is all."

"Really?" Hiccup asked, knowing there was more to the story. "What are they writing?"

"Oh, they insinuate I'm jealous," she said airily.

"Ah," Hiccup said. "I really didn't like her like that, I swear. You're Astrid, you know? I mean—we hung out some, in a perfectly plutonic way, she slept in my house. No big deal." He was fumbling and moronic, he knew, but he really was trying to reassure her.

"Well, they're all terribly out of character anyway," she said. "You and me both."

Hiccup grinned in relief, and Astrid generously kissed his cheek and enjoyed the bright pink he turned.

"I can't stand when you're mad at me, you know that?" Hiccup shook his head, rueful. Toothless _and_ Astrid had him whipped.

"You know, it's interesting how there's all these different representations of our families," Fishlegs, ever the analyst, noted. "Nobody uses the same names, and you have these really different personalities."

"Except Stoick, because everybody knows Stoick," Snoutlout added.

"Well, my dad is like ninety percent of the time really out of character. In some he's so—fluffy. He's really been great lately, but he's not all cuddly or anything. And in some, he's way harsher

than he ever actually was," Hiccup said.

'Well, gender switch, modern AU, sounds fascinating," Tuffnut said, opening the scroll. "Two for one."

They all seem to be grasping this sarcasm thing.

"Wha..?" Hiccup muttered. "Okay, this is so messed up. I'm in prison! Legit, prison! Well, Snoutlout apparently pinned it on me... and the Red Death is a person is a gang leader trying to make me his bitchâ€"! And Toothless is my cellmate, and â€| oh, there's Toothcup coming. Yep. Thor almighty. These AU'sâ€|" He shook his head.

"Speaking of trying to make Hiccup gay," Ruffnut said, smirking at Astrid. "In this one, Hiccup married this guy, Dean."

"Is that even allowed in our legal system?" Fishlegs asked.

Hiccup shrugged. "That'd be a question for my dad. Though I think he might wonder why you're asking, Legs."

Legs blushed. Hiccup laughed. "Just kidding, Legs."

* * *

><p>In a rare instance, Astrid was alone in the library. It was her parents' anniversary, and she was avoiding any PDA she might see.<p>

It was stupid to read Plans, since it was rated M, especially with the description. But it was the author of Chasing Thunderstorms, and she did like that one quite a bit.

Yeah, she regretted that after she got into it. SO SEXUALâ€|

Then, perfect timing, Hiccup walked in. His hair was windblown, and he was still in his riding gear. Toothless lumbered in after him. She quickly set aside the scroll.

She felt her face flushing, but she sounded remarkably normal when she asked, "Flying this late?"

Hiccup nodded. "Flying by moonlight is amazing. It's like you're right next to the stars. Anyway, I saw the light on and landed to see who else was up."

"Well, me," she said.

Hiccup sat down and absently put an arm around her. Astrid blushed harder. That story did this! She was never this timid!

Hiccup, looking at her, started to blush himself. At times like these, he thought about Astrid, and how eventually, he hoped, they'd get married. And he'd be chief, and she'd be a fearsome warrior, and they'd have kids, and Toothless would fight for control of his human, and they'd get old together and end up in Valhallaâ€|

He was brought back to earth by said girl poking his side. "What are you thinking about?"

"N-nothing, Astrid," he stammered.

* * *

><p>It was Snoutlout who found it first.<p>

The rest of them were commenting on the unnatural appearance of a drawing that looked like the girl had been blown up with a pump, when Snoutlout said, "Hey, what's thisâ€|" before emitting a girly scream.

"WHAT?!" Everyone cried.

"SPIES!" Snoutlout yelled. "SPIES!"

>He threw the scroll at them and they read the title:<p>

Oh Gods, by Wordwielderâ€|

HAHA CLIFFIE! I'm made my decision, by the way: I will write one more chapter for sure. It's gonna get crazy ;D then I'm in for that thing with Astrid Goes for A Spin. I might still occasionally post on this, so keep ideas coming. Thanks! Review!

15. Chapter 15

**Hello my chickadees. Much better, right? This is it- the final chapter. For now, anyway. Read on to find out more. Put me on Author Alerts to see that collab come out. **

The panic set in quickly as they read fourteen chapters full of uncanny accuracy about their movements since they had found fanfiction, even their thoughts. "Spies!" Snoutlout kept shouting, and nobody felt comfortable enough to silence him. Toothless slunk back and forth, knocking into people and shelves and nudging against Hiccup. Hiccup's brow was furrowed. Even the twins were too stunned to argue. There was a rising atmosphere of panic. Fishlegs was reciting facts on the statistical probability of single person knowing them so intimately.

"I'd like," Hiccup said, "to ask Wordwielder a few questions."

"I can do that," a voice said from behind them, and they turned to see a very strange girl standing in the doorway. She wore blue trousers and a bright shirt, but her hair was done like Astrid's in a braid, if a darker one. Her accent was a little different, certainly foreign, but easily understood. She beamed at them like she had a wish fulfilled by seeing them. "Please. I'll explain everything."

"Who are you?" Fishlegs asked, awed.

"Let me explain," the girl began. She started to speak, but was almost instantly interrupted.

"Wordwielder!" An unfamiliar, strangely accented voice demanded.

The girl turned around, exasperated, to face the two men, one stout and bandaged, and the other rail-thin, tall, and very angry. "Holmes,

not now!" She snapped. "Did you follow me here? I told you I had business!"

"Now!" He argued.

She whirled around again. "What?" she cried impatiently.

"Why did you have Watson skewered in a bloody alleyway? No pun intended!"

The gang shrunk back. "She had him skewered in an alleyway?" Tuffnut repeated, his voice full of terror. She threw her hands up. "Wait, it's not what you're thinking! It was a prompt!"

"A prompt!" Holmes cried, enraged.

"Oh, calm down, he'll be fine," she said curtly. She added much more kindly, "Are you feeling alright, Watson? You're on your feet at least."

"I've been worse," Watson said almost cheerily.

"You've been better," Holmes said sharply.

Wordwielder looked guilty. "I'll write you back in perfect health very soon, I promise. Right now!" she turned back to the group. "I've got a pressing matter to attend to."

"Very well!" Holmes nodded to Watson, and with one last suspicious look at Wordwielder, Watson transported them back home in the way Wordwielder had taught. The gang exchanged looks of fear and curiosity. How had those men, mortal men, not gods, disappeared so quickly?

The girl sat. "I'm Wordwielder."

"So we gathered," Astrid said.

"I realize you all must think I'm a stalker or something," she began, "I mean, I wrote 14 chapters about you guys, and I knew what you said or thought. I know it sounds creepy, it sounds like I'm a"

"Spy!" Snoutlout interjected.

She nodded, her hair bouncing. "Exactly!" Snoutlout turned the self-pleased red he turned when a girl favored him with a smile. "But I'm not. I'm just a fanfiction writer!" "I like to think I'm a good one!" and by now I know you all so well I seem precognitive. But not much longer."

"Why?" Tuffnut asked.

She bowed her head. "I'm starting a new story. It's still untitled, and it'll also feature the prodigious talents of Astrid Goes For a Spin. I'm sure you've read some by her, and probably some others by me as well, right?" She stopped, got up, and smiled. "I'll keep you posted, of course. But first," She added as an afterthought, "First, I simply must go stitch up Watson. Poor dear! You all think you've had it bad in fanfiction! Next time you're feeling ill-used, take a look into 'Watson's Woes.'" She grinned, scratched behind Toothless'

ears in the exact way he liked, and bowed to them like an audience before she drew out a notepad and pen, and with a scrawled sentence, she melted away: _And then Wordwielder bid goodbye to her friends, and found herself once more typing their stories in her warm bedroom._

_And there would be more stories, _she added, _but as of yet, they were still mysteries. _

****Come on, this is the last time I'll pester you to review! I hope you all enjoyed this silly, crazy, enormously fun to write story. Thanks for being so awesome and sticking with me and giving me your ideas and suggestions. I had a blast; hope you did, too.****

****Until next time,****

****Wordwielder****

End
file.